## IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

A Study of Indian Trails.

The extent of territory where the Indiana still have liberty to roam is continually growing smaller, and all signs and traces that they have stamped on the land they once inhabited, are gradually fading away or being rubbed out, while the marks of settlers are put their place. In nothing is this change more noticeable than in the system of paths worn by the Indians throughout their former country, and known as trails. From the use of the word trail for an Indian pathway, in the West a road for any purpose, from a cow path to a stage route, has always been called a trail. The same terms are used regarding a trail in the West as are applied to an Eastern read. That is, a good or a bad trail doesn't mean a trail more or less easy to follow with the eye, but easy to travel on or the opposite.

Trails ran everywhere. There was a trail leading from every tribe of Indians into the country of their neighbors. This was not for friendly visits. When Indians visited others of a different tribe it was generally in full war paint, or for the purpose of stealing horses, Horses were the only valuable things the In dians possessed, and therefore horses were the only things that Indiana coveted and could direction through a tribe's district, or the country claimed by them, into the various localities where game could be found, up into mountain gorges, or across mountain ranges into valleys beyond. Of course, these varied in distinct ness; but although no one but an Indian could pick out some of these trails through the woods, yet where a ford had to be crossed, or a hill surmounted, it would be seen that what ever way might be taken to reach that point, the ford was always crossed, or the hill climbed, at

the same spot.

East of the Rocky Mountains, on the plains where one can travel in all directions, the trails were not clearly marked. But west of the Rockies the country is very different. There the whole region is one vast mountainous network, shutting in valley after valley of rich pasturage, each with its perfect stream which carries off the collected waters of all the mountain torrents from the surrounding slopes. In such a country as this there is no such liberty of progress, and the route selected to go from one valley to another was narrowed down to a single mountain pass and worn clear by much travel. And how beautiful these valleys are! When you come through the wildest and most rugged pass, where it would seem scarcely possible for man to go, and where perhaps no man has ever been before, and emerge into one of these mountain basins, you think you have comupon the estate of some wealthy man who for years has studied the secrets of the most beautiful landscapes, and devoted himself and his money to the arrangement of his park. The place will be hemmed in by towering and precipitous mountains, and one might fancy that the contrast of their and uneven peaks with the quiet and finished outlines of the valley beneath them, even if it were harmonious, would be too startling to be agreeable. On the contrary, no two styles of scenery could be put together with better effect. Down the middle of the valley flows a stream of from ten to one hundred feet in breadth, and along its banks are generally cottonwoods or evergreens intermixed with them. The grassy prairie stretche evenly or in great rolling curves from the stream toward the mountains, sometimes for miles without interruption; and then pines or other evergreens begin to be scattered about, at first solitary, but afterward in groups which gradually become larger and more frequent until they are merged into the continuou forest that is not broken until it reaches the line of rocks on the mountains above. Through this artistic disposition of the timber, the grass grows close to the tree trunks, ever when they are in thick clumps, never dwindling of showing the bare earth; and the whole prairie has the air of being under the highest curvation. Yet the large expanse of the caller, its noble trees and its majestic slopes, give it such breadth and dignity that. even with its suggestion of art, it seems the most fitting base for the ponderous and rugged cliffs above. The color of this scenery i

hand, only has the verdure of fresh turf for a the cessation of rain it becomes thoroughly dried. But, instead of making the scene deso late and repulsive, it gives it a character entirely its own, bringing into greater re lief the superb color of the evergreens, which are themselves overtopped by the blue or vellow of the slate or limestone further un To the mind of one who is accustomed to see pendicular cliff where the footbolds are in only fields of living frashness, it may seem these are so few and far apart that regular strange that a parched prairie could possibly furnish an attractive background; but when i ecomes known that the grass on the Western plains retains its nutriment when dried and the cured grass on the root is still the richest of pasturage and not useless and unfit for graz the imagination is satisfied, the unusual tints are accepted in their true relations, and the landscape becomes one of perfect harmony and leveliness of color. A traveller in the Western country might pass over a great deal of ground without seeing any sign of an Indian trail. Wagon roads run almost everywhere, as, indeed, there are few large districts off the Indian reservations which are totally free from ranches. To find a real trail at all you must go into a remote district or through a pass that is so difficult or so little needed by white men that a wagen road has not yet been made. A newcomer would not be likely to give any particular notice to the first Indication of a trail. On country roads there is almost always a narrow path running

peculiar to the region. The hue of the ever-

greens on the western slope is of indescribable

depth and richness. It is really so dark when

presented in a mass that sometimes it looks

throughout the year. The grass, on the other

almost black; and it maintains that shade

alongside that has been wern by cattle or foot passengers, and there would be nothing strange in finding two or three such. One sees these paths when coming into a thinly settled region and they grow stronger as the border settiements are approached of course not on ever road, but only on those that run over the former regular Indian routes. They do not follow the line of the road exactly, but continually diverge a little from it, and return and disappear where they meet the road again. sometimes continuing in this way for miles. But when the traveller comes to the last ranch in the region, he will see the roadway to which he is accustomed stop, while these formerly unnoticed paths keep on, now without interruption and become the way and only sign of travel. No one can see them now without his atten-tion becoming suddenly wakened. There is no real difference between any one of these pathways and an ordinary cattle track, except

last vostige of white activity and noisy struggle, everything seems to grow quiet. Alt dis position to break the stillness has gone. There is no living thing in sight, but instinctively one hesitates, whether a hunter or not, to raise his voice lest he should frighten the game, of home. Silence is the natural condition of existence. A shout would be a sacrilege. The land seems given back and to belong to its first inhabitants, who have been content to let it rest in a state of nature. The only marks of men are these pathways, but their easy and unresisting curves are filled with nature's spirit, and they nowhere interrupt her repose.

This they are continually forced to do through

omes barred by every fresh fall of timber

he forests where the trail's winding passage

The horses are made to jump over a log that

does not rive higher than their bellies; but

when a failen tree lies across the path so as to

effectually stop all progress, instead of making

an effort to cut it out or lift it aside in order to

keep the old trail, the Indians will pick out a

way around it, no matter how circuitous that

way may be; and thus the trail will change with

tendency to become more and more crooked.

ons, It climbs banks so steep that

or may be crossed and recrossed twenty times

smooth gravel; but again they are soft and

niry, though rarely so as to prevent a horse,

even with a pack on his back, from scrainb

Trails that skirt along the banks of moun-

these stroums short stretches of pebbly or

sandy beaches, that may be the end of some

narrow, low-lying valley running down to the

bank, are followed by rocky and nearly per-

pen healar cliffs, impassable on their face, the

base of a mountain side that must be ascended

befound. Up this hill the trail will leap, scram-

bling over loose slate and ugly rocks and

fallen logs, until it comes to where the crest of

most seem to fall down again into the river

will hardly ever dismount and spare his horse

the cracks and indentations of the rock, and

progress becomes impossible. Then even an

Indian will not sit on his horse, as he hesitates

and stops and balances himself and slowly

picks his way along the path with his life hang-

acquire as murderous a reputation as the

Matterhorn. One point on a former route of

the Hudson Ray Company, where horse after

horse went down, became known as the Hudson

Bay Beneyard: and at the foot of a rocky slope

tons of fifteen Indian ponies that were all lost

The Indians do not blaze the trees much

long the path. A few cuts at long intervals to

hose who may follow them to show whether

how large a party they are, or whether they are

Along the whole length of a trail, at intervals

ing places. Camps cannot be made at will

They must be in spots where there are both

grass and water for the horses; and therefore

stream of water running through it, or in the

pine poles which were used for their lodges,

ing from a true, or perhaps the refuse of some

in what direction they are going.

in the Upper Marias pass can be seen the skele

from the same party.

ing in the balance. Some portions of the trails

ling through.

dmost entirely disappeared. On the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains lay the country of the buffalo, and twice a These simple paths have been made by horses year, in the spring and late in the fall, the western tribes, whose mountainous land, with its travelling several abreast as close togethe as horses with their riders can go. isolated valleys, furnished no uninterrupted extent of plain such as the herds of buffale have been there for hundreds, perhaps thou sands, of years. They were part of a long highway which once ended only with the limits might dwell on, came over to hunt and to of the Indian's wanderings; and for conturies until the next season. These expeditions were made by each tribe regularly; and besides these they have been traversed by savage bands of there were apt to be smaller parties, of only a few lodges at a time, that crossed when their warriors, hunters, or horse thieves. They run side by side only when the way is broad and level. When the ground becomes rough, stock of meat happened to run out. But now it may be said that there are no more buffaloss. It may be said that there are no more buffaloes. They are not absolutely exterminated, but they are no longer sufficiently plenty to induce the Indians to make the passage of the mountains. Shorthorn cattle now graze on the plains of Montana and Wyoming which formerly supported millions of buffaloes, and the greatest hunting ground the world ever saw is splitting up into ranches, with their grazing tracts and wheat lands, while the prairies bordering on the rivers, such as the Sun or the Teton or the Blackleaf are now marked with irrigation ditches. The white dwellers on either of the two slopes have little reason to cross to the other, and so these famous thoroughfares are being rapidly overgrown in the forests and washed away on the rocky hillsides. or the trail goes along a steep hillside, they become fewer in number, or, perhaps, all run into one; and this is always the care when aproaching a ford or passing through a forest. Occasionally, even on level ground, their lines are broken and interlocked, to be straightened out again a little further on. This is probably where the procession has been crowded together so that the trail became marked in that way, and it was not afterward corrected, for the Indians have no impulse to change a trail when once made, unless they are compelled by ome alteration in the surface of the ground,

horses on the eastern slope except near the

northern boundary in the Blackfoot country

and a treaty made seven years ago between the

Piegans or Blackfeet and the western Indians,

in which they agreed to let each other's horses

alone, has been on the whole very cred-

garded by some unmanageable young bucks;

and soon, no doubt, the practice will cease alto

gether. But the greatest incentive of all to

activity is hunting, and where formerly the In-

dian found his greatest field, the game has now

itably observed, being only occasionally

### OIL SPRINGS AND OIL LAKES. Rich Petroleum Lands in Venezuela, Wr. eming, and California.

"Venezuela has boiling oil springs, California has got an oil spring that won't flow a drop of oil in the dark of the moon, and Wyoming has oil wells that are their own storage tanks, and I've seen 'em all," said Capt, Jared Flower of Venango county, in the Astor House rotunda. He has just returned from a two each new obstruction. So, like a river with a swift current, a forest trail has a constant cears' tour of investigation of alleged oil fields in South America, on the Pacific coast, and in other localities,
"Venzeuela is full of petroleum fountains,

Where the timber is search and open, the roing may be no easy and gentle as could be and asphalt can be mired, especially in the country lying between Rio Catatumbo and the wished; but through mountain ravines where the woods are thick and the ground rocky and Corditioras. The boiling oil springs are in a high range of sand hills that he between the Taraaret sardinarie livers, not far from where they is in each other. The summit of this relice is full of cylindreal craters, from which spouts builing water so heavily enarged with petroleum that as much as six battreis has been editeded at one spring in an nour. The none made by fiese petroleum fountains is like that made by scaping steam from a becomotive, and dense commas of steam come from them and rise to a great height. These streams of retroleum are quickly absorbed by the petroleum are division of Wenzeugha known as Colombia not only do betroleum springs exist in abundance, but the natives have used petroleum for at least sixty years as an illuminant in its crade state. It is called there the lost of Colombia. In 1824 some French and English travellers in that country book samples of the chicack to Europe with them as a curtosity. Both as phalt and petroleum are found on the Paulus of Colombia. In 1824 some from the distribution of the chicack to Europe with them as a curtosity. Both as phalt and petroleum are found on the Paulus of Colombia, and the control of the chicack to Europe with them as a curtosity. Both as phalt and petroleum are found on the Paulus of Colombia, the manner and the season of the chicachest here and that is the chief use to which the product is put at present. The oil operator will find a big and profitable field in Venezucia one of those clays.

Canternia has a funny filled, too, It's all the manner interesting of the color, and the oil was taken from it. Maybe you didn't know that all the mineral interesting of the color, and it is aimost as a fact of the color and the oil was taken from it. Maybe you didn't know that all the mineral interesting of parafilme, wax, and ammonia. When the oil is separated from the shale it soft the color and constanted of the color in the colo orditieras. The boiling oil springs are in a uneven, it becomes difficult and often damrerhigh campe of sand hills that lie between the first sight no civilized horseman would zirzaga over high rocky steps and fallen trees which an animal most risk a jump to clear, but where the slightest loss of balance might send him and his rider over a bank whose side would tear to pieces whatever was thrown down it. It plunges into a mountain stream down a slippery clay bank, where a horse will actually have to slide down, and perhaps into a roaring current so violent that if he should not strike the bottom fairly, he would be swept away and inevitably killed in the rocky rapids. Again, the trail leads to a stream where the entrance is clearly marked. but no exit can be seen on the opposite bank. The stream itself has suddonly become the trail, and its bed must be followed for several hundred yards before there is a sign on the bank to take to the land again; and this is just as ly to be on the side from which the way first lost itself in the water. The bottoms of

these streams that are thus used for foot paths, in the distance of a mile, are generally of tain rivers, too deep to be forded at will, are very apt to be among the worst. Along they didn't state seed, and six years ago the dri it was brought into use. This has developed a profile oil territory, stretching from Newhall to Santa Barbara, about 200 maes. There seem to be two oil belts, one in Los Angeles, and one in Ventura county. The oil is obtained by sinking wells, and in some places—in Wheeler Caffon, for instance—by tunnelling into the hills. A peculiarity about the California oil is that it produces no benzine. In Wheeler Caffon, where a Mr. Charles Scott is operating quite extensively, is an oil spring known as Lunatic Oil Spring. When the new moon appears this spring begins a thousand fest or move before a way over can the slope can be passed; and then it will aloottom. Fearful work for the horses, but work is something the Indians regard with complete indifference when their horses and not themsolves must do it; and in such places an Indian In fact, there are very few places even in the western mountains, dangerous enough to make them do that. A precipiec, however high, has no terrors for them, so land as the footing for their horses is good; but occasionally the only way around a mountain is on the sloping edge of some par-

the Celifornia oil is that it produces no benchme. In Wheeler Canon, where a Mr. Charles Sect is operating quite extensively, is an oil spring known as Lunatie Oil Spring. When the new moon appears this spring begins to flow oil, which increases in volume as the moon grows. When the moon and its full the spring yields three barrels of oil a day. The product wanes with the moon and causes entirely when the last quarter is past. This phenomenon appears as regularly as the phases of the moon. A flity-barrel well was struck over a year ago near this peculiar spring but it has not affected its ebb and flow in the slightest.

Oil is found at all depths in the California fleids, and surface oil, in springs and streams, asounds on every hand. This oil is back and heavy. The quality of the Pacific const oil depends entirely on the depth from which it is taken, the best illuminating oil being found at from 1,000 to 1,200 feet beneath the surface. It costs twice as much—or about \$7,000—to put a well down 1,000 to 1,200 feet on California as it does in Pennsylvania, and all the machinery is transported from the latter State. A flity-barrel well out there, though, is worth at least \$100,000, or five times as much as a Pennsylvania well of the same capacity. California operators claim to be supplying all the Pacific coast and Moxican demand with the product of their wells and relineries. The reflaing is all done at Newhall, which is connected with the wells as pipe lines. The great hope of the people out there, though, is in adapting the perfoleum to an essential of the supplying all the Pacific coast and Moxican demand with the product of their wells and relineries. The reflaing is all done at Newhall, which is connected with the wells as pipe lines. The great hope of the people out there, though, is in adapting the people out the representation of the read of the read of the world's demand. Wyoming can step land to smelling the people of the new through the surface of the people of the new through the surface of the supply mark the way when it is covered with snow are all that is necessary to them; but they make use of other signs for various purposes that few or none of the white men have the key to. By tying a rag to a tree or stump, or bending a wig or using small sticks, they leave a mark for hey have gone hunting or on the warpath, or adians alone or white men are with them, or f from one to lifteen miles, are signs of campgrassy opening in the forest which has a eighborhood, will always be marked with evidences of former fires and other signs of an Indian camping ground. The tall and slender have been left lying around, to serve the same purpose for any party that may follow. The aorns and hoofs of olk or deer are found hangther game. One curious contrivance is sure

tion becoming suddenly wakened. There is no for ead difference between any one of these pathways and an ordinary exitie track, except.

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### SOME NEW BOOKS.

Recollections of a Naval Officer. In the collection of reminiscences pub lished under the above name by Capt.

LIAM HARWAR PARKER (Scribners), we have an entertaining record of active service in the United States navy during the eventful twenty years which elapsed between the administra-tion of President Van Buren and that of Presi dent Lincoln, and which covered the conflic with Mexico. The author also has much to tell us about the Confederate navy, in which be served during the civil war. The book is full of the stirring personal experiences and lively anecdotes that delight wardrooms and mess rooms, and it is by no means wanting in the sound criticism and shrewd suggestion which attest the power to profit by the rare opportunities of observation which fell to the writer lot. It is, indeed, the author's purpose to please rather than instruct, and he is far from assuming to pen a historical narrative; nevertheless, a good many side lights are cast in these vivacious pages on the history of more than one important naval operation. The author of these recollections entered the

United States navy as a midshipman in October, 1841, and was almost immediately ordered to the line-of-battle ship North Carolina, where he reported for duty to Commodore M. C. Perry, then commanding the station at New York. The navy, it seems, at that day was, as regards the life led by the officers and men very similar to the British navy as described by Marryat in his novels; the same jokes were perpetrated, and the same characters were enountered. Capt. Parker tells us that his time and that of his messmates, who numbered about thirty, was employed in keeping their respective watches and in learning navigation "I, for one," he says, "soon learned to work all the rules in Bowditch's "Navigator," though, if the truth must be owned. I did not exactly understand what it was about; nor did I learn until I got fairly to sea on my first cruise. Few explanations were given as to theory, so far as I romember." Among Par-ker's messmates was the ill-fated Midshipman Spencer, who, it will be remembered, was no used a year afterward of exciting a mutiny on board the United States brig Somers, and hanged at the yardarm. It appears that in those days the midshipmen's mess was often in a disorganized condition; their money would give out before the end of the month, and they would go for several days without regulameals. At such periods of famine the young fellows "lived upon the bumboat, and skir mished on the berth deck for food."

In the summer of 1842 young Parker was ordered to the Columbus, an old-fashioned seventy-four, built about the beginning of the century. During the cruise of this ship in the Mediterranean, the author saw comething of the world, but his juvenile opinions of foreign countries are less diverting than the yarns which were spun in the messroom, and some of which are here recounted. A story is related, for example, of one Brown, who, it seems, was the navigator of the brig Perry, and on a passage from China to Moxico had allowed the chronometers to run down. The Captain for obvious reasons, was not told that the brig was depending on dead reckening for her longitude. Brown got on the parallel of Cape St. Lucas, and, steering due east, kept a good lookout ahead. What was quite much to the purpose, he tioned a foretopman at the masthead, with orders to come down and tell him privily when hand came in sight, and not otherwise to an nounce it, a bottle of whiskey being the pr ised sward. Accordingly, one day, shortly be fore 12 o'clock, the foretopman came down and reported the land in sight from aloft. He was told by Brown to return to the masthead, and when the beil struck one to announce it in the usual manner. Some time after 12 the Captain came out of the cabin and inquired. "Well Mr Brown, when do you think we will make the land?" "We will make the land, sir," said Brown firmity, "at 121, o'clock" (one bell,)
"We will, oh?" said the Captain. "Yes, sir," replied Brown in the most pompous manner "at 12's precisely," Just then the be struck, and the man at the masthead roared out in a stentorian voice, "Land ho!" "By George," says the Captain, "that's the most remarkable landfall I ever made," and he after-ward told the First Lieutenant that he considered Brown one of the most skilful pavigators he had ever met. Another story about Brown was that, when he was first appointed midshipman, he reported for duty on board the schooner Experiment at the navy yard. Philadelphia and was put in charge of the deck to keep watch seen a war vessel before in his life. About 9 o'clock the Captain put his head outside of the cabin door and said, "Quartermaster, how's the hawse?" (this was simply to inquire into the state of the cables by which the sel was anchored) "The hawse is all right sir," answered the Quartermaster, "Hello," said Brown to himself, "they have a horse on board, it seems," and he went forward to take a look at him. Not finding the quadruped Brown returned to the quarter deck, and asked the Quartermaster whether the Captain had not asked him as to the condition of the horse. Yes, sir," he replied; "the hawse is all right." Well," says Brown, "I so understood you," and he passed the remainder of his watch looking for the animal. In the same chapter, which is devoted to the cruise of the Columbus, the author is led to speak of Capt. Marryat, and recalls an incident which happene during the travels of the British seaman and novelist in this country. Marryat, it appears, was staying at an inn in a small town in New England, where his overbearing manner did not tend to make him popular. A thunder storm coming up, the Captain said in a conde scending tone to the landlord; "You have quite heavy thunder in this country. we dee, considerin' the number of inhabi-

tants," was the reply, In 1846, when war with Mexico was imminent, young Parker reported on board the Potomac, which, early in April, joined the squadron under Commodore Conner at Vera Cruz. Of the Commodore, who had served with distinction in the war of 1812, but whose behavior during the conflict with Mexico was the subject of much complaint, the author writes as follows: "Ho (Conner) was an educated man and brave officer; but during the war (and particularly on the evening between the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma; he always seemed to be too much afraid of risking his men; he lacked moral courage, and would not take the responsibility his position imposed upon him. Consequently he failed," Had Conner, on the occasion mentioned, thrown forward the body of sailors which he had landed at Point Isabel, it would have been said on the morrow that the navy had saved the army; but, as it was, Gen. Tayfor proved able to take care of himself, and it may be doubted whether the blue jackets would have been of much service, for in those days naval officers were not conversant with infantry tactics, and the sailors did not know even how to load and fire a musket. Their incapac ity for land service, however, was counterbal anced by admirable dexterity and fortitude on board ship, and on this point Capt. Parker quotes with approval the growl of an old poatswain who was lately heard to say. "Formerly we had wooden ships and iron men : now we have iron ships and wooden men."

Apropos of the concerted naval and military operations which ended in the capture fera Cruz, Capt. Parker has something to say in reference to the landing of troops on a hos-tile shore. He thinks that "if the enemy will dispute the landing boldly it cannot be success fully accomplished. In the landing at Vern Cruz, if the Mexicans had concealed themseives behind the sand hills until our boats were nearly in the surf, and had then come down and opened fire, it is my belief that built of the men would have been killed or wounded before reaching the beach. The gunboats could not have fired without endangering their friends, and the men in the boats, crowded as they were, would have been helpless. If there are no hills, a moderately deep trench is all

the fire of gunboats. The idea is to keep under cover until the landing force gets about fifty yards from the shore, and then let them have it with small arms and light artiflery. Those of us who served on the James River in the civil war knew how very few lives were lost by the shelling of gunboats. If the Russians had followed these tactics, the allies could not have made good their landing in the Crimea; nor would the Federal troops have done so at Roanoke Island had the Confeder ates adopted this plan." It is generally thought that Vera Cruz and the castle of San Juan were bombarded by the fleet. "I have seen this stated," the author says, "in more than one history,' and recollect going to see a panorama in Boston shortly after the war, which represented the fleet bombarding the castle while the troops were being landed on the north side of Vera Cruz. As a matter of fact, the soldiers disembarked on the south side of the town, and as the castle of San Juan was thought to be too strong to risk the vessels against it-there were no ironclads then-the most efficient cooperation which the fleet could give the army was to land a few heavy cannon and place them in battery to reenforce Gen. Scott's slege guns."

One of the most daring actions performed by

the navy during the Mexican war was the cap-ture of Alvarage by Lieut. Hunter of the

Scourge, a very small steamer carrying one

gun and a crew of perhaps forty men. Commo-

dore Perry had made preparations to attack

this place with his whole squadron (it had suc-

cessfully resisted two assaults by Commodore

Conner), and, to make assurance doubly sure a brigado under Gen. Quitman was to march along the beach and cooperate with the vessels As the fleet approached the bar, however, the Potomae was hailed and informed that Aivarado was taken. "By whom " asked the Captain, By Lieut, Hunter, in the Scourge," was the reply. And so it was. Hunter, on the day before, had stood in pretty close, and observing indications of flinehing on the part of the energy, he dashed boidly forward captured the place almost without firing a gun. Not satisfied with this he threw a garrison, consisting of a midal inmar and bee men, on shore, and proceeded in his steamer up the river to a place called Tacatal-pan, which he also captured. Commodere Perry, it seems, was furious that the needless ness of his elaborate preparations should have been made so palpable, and as soon as he could get hold of Hunter placed him under arrest and preferred charges against him. Hunter was shortly afterward tried by a court martial and sentenced to be reprimmeded by the Comm dore, the reprimand to be read on the quarter deck of every vessel in the squadron. The rebuke, which was unreasonably bitter and severe, said in effect: "Who told you to commercial Alvarado? You were sent to catch Alvarado. and not to take it. You have taken Alvarade with a single gun, and not a marine to back you;" and it wound up by saying that fleet would soon make an attack on Tobasco, in which he should not join, but that be should be dismissed the squadron, Capt. Parker informs us that this action on the part of the Commodore was not invorably regarded by the officers of the squadren, and it is not surprising that the people at home should have made a hero of Hunter. Dinners were given him and swords presented to him, and he was known as "Alvarado" Hunter to his dying day. The author notes the curious coincidence that the town and river of Alvarado got their name from a Spanish officer in Grijalva's expedition, who discovered and took possession of the district without orders, Capt. Parker goes on to say that on his return to the United States after the Mexican, war he found that Hunter's experience at Alvarado had been made the subject of a rather eleverallegory to the following effect: "Once upon a time the inhabitants of a certain village were much annoyed by the depredations of a wolf. Two expeditions had been organized and sent out to kill this wolf, but failed to find him. One day however, a man came in and reported that he had seen the wolf go into a cave, and be thought that if they went out soon enough they would eatch him. The Selectmon of the village immediately called up a countryman. and directed him to go out and watch the mouth of the cave to see that the wolf did not escape, and he, throwing a hoe over his shoulder and whistling up his dogs started out to do so. The Selectmen now organized a grand expedition, with music and banners and marched out to the cave. their arrival there the countryman met them with the information that the wolf was dead; he said that while he was watching the hole and could not draw it out again; seeing which he went in and chopped his head off with his hoe. The Selectmen were highly indignant at this information, and the chief man stepped forward and reprimanded the countryman in these words: 'Who told you to kill that wolf? You were sent to match that wolf and not to kill him. You have killed that wolf with a single hoe, and only a dog to back you! but I'll tell you what it is, we are going on a coon loss tonight, and d-n you, you shan't go.""

What may be termed the historical as distinguished from the anecdotical part of this volume sets forth the experiences of the author in the Confederate service, which he entered in the spring of 1861, upon hearing that Virginia had passed an ordinance of secession. Capt. Parker was one of the officers to whom the Confederate Government delegated the impracticable task of creating a naval force which should make head against the immeasurably superior maritime resources of the Northern States. This book explains the failure of many schemes and operations which for a time seemed promising, and will supply much material not elsewhere attainable to the future historian of the Confederate navy. We lay down Capt. Parker's account of the work accomplished by himself and his colaborers in the naval department of the Richmond Government with the conviction that they did everything that was possible with the utterly inadequate means at their command. Of the many striking incidents related in this portion of the narrative, we will only montion that it was Capt. Parker and a corps of midshipmen which he had been engaged in training that convoyed the Confederate treasure from the evacuated capital to Abbeville, South Carolina, where it was formally delivered to President Davis and the Confederate Secretary of the Treasury. For this service Capt Parker and the whole body of midshipmen received \$1,500, a smaller sum than feli to a single aide-de-camp of Mr. Davis in the distribution of the specio.

## A French Painter and Writer.

An interesting figure in the artistic and iterary circles of nineteenth century Paris was Engene Fromentia, and Mrs. M. C. Robbins has rendered a service to American readers by publishing a translation of some articles on his life and works which were written by M. Louis Gonse for the Gazette des Beaux Arts, Mrs. Bobbins has discharged with much skill the always difficult and too often slighted task of transferring French into idiomatic and graceful English, and she has materially increased the value of these papers by adding several unpublished fragments by Fromentin himself, together with many new engravings,

Algeria has often given Generals to France. and in Fromentin the great African province may be said to have inspired an author and a painter. Born at La Rochelle in 1820, and sent at the age of 19 to Paris to study law, the young man soon abandoned the bar for art, and studled for some time in the studies of Remon and Cabat. It was not, however, until 1816, when he made his first journey to Algiers, that Fromentin hit upon the subjects which were to call forth his talent and to constitute his special title to distinction. Two of the pictures with which he made his debut in the Salon-a Mosque near Algiers and "A view Taken in the Gorges of Chiffa"—marked the first stage of his success, and the pictures exhibited in 1849 and 1859-the fruit of a second journey in Africacaused him to be generally recognized as the foremost interpreter of Arab and Berber life that is needed to shelter the shore party from | upon the painter's canyas. In the years 1852-3.

CONTRACTOR OF STREET

immediately after his marriage, he made a third and more extended sojourn in the region which had for him such a powerful fascination pushing his way southward as far as the oasis of El Aghoust. This, with the exception of a short trip to Egypt, was his last visit to Africa, but he brought back a mass of studies which were to mainly occupy the remainder of his life. Another notable result of his peregrinations in Algeria was the two books respectively entitled "A Summer in the Sahara" and "A Year in the Sahei," which gained for him an honorable place among men of letters, and, indeed made it disputable whether he might not have done well to have abandoned the brush altegether for the pen. It is, at all events, a fact that the two books mentioned and a third volume on the old masters of Beigium and Holland were thought to give him strong claims for admission to the French Academy. In 1876 his name received fourteen votes on the first ballot, and there is little doubt that he would have been enrolled among the illustrious forty, but for his sudden death, which occurred in the same year. For his pictures exhibited in 1859 Fromentin received a first medal, as well as a decoration, and he was afterward very frequently a member of the jury on paintings at the exhibitions. Notwithstanding the steem, however, in which he came to be held by fastidious judges, he was never chosen a member of the Institute. But this, as M. Gonso suggests, can hardly be regarded as a lecisive impeachment of his merits when we call to mind that neither Corot nor Decamps nor Millet nor Daubigny nor Theodore Rousseau was judged worthy to belong to that

It will be remembered that Mrs. Robbins had already commended herself to the students and lovers of art by a translation of Fromen tin's delightful book about the old painters of Belgium and Holland. The present volum well deserves to figure in the same series with the little masterpiece just named, and with 'The Art Life of William Rimmer" and the study of "Jean François Millet," which the same publishers (J. R. Osgood & Co.) have lately issued.

#### Travels in Eastern Palestine.

Since the colonization of Palestine has been rigorously advocated by Mr. Laurence Oliphant particular attention has been directed to the countries of Moab, Gilead, and Bashan, which are, it seems, more fertile and more suited on many grounds for settlement than the better known region which, at the beginning of the Christian era, was subdivided among the territories of Judea Sameria and Galilee. In East or direction, by SELAH MERRILL (Scribners), we have a record of the observations made during the years 1875-77 in the trans-Jordanic district by the gentleman selected to discharge the functions of archeologist for the American Palestine Exploration Society. distinctively scientific results, indeed, of this expedition, including several interesting identifications of historical sites, have been reserved for a subsequent volume, which wil appear under the title of "Topographical Notes on Eastern Palestine." The present volume is a popular narrative, enlivened with personal incidents, and illustrated by original cuts, many of them from the author's own drawings, and it will be found a useful supplement to Mr. Oliphant's book on the same subject. The chapters, too, allotted to a description of Arab life in the desert may be read with advantage in connection with the papers on the Bedouin life and character which have lately been communicated to London periodicals by Lady Anno Blunt and her husband.

Some conception of the scope and quality of this book may be obtained by noting what Mr Merriil has to say about such test topics as the Shittim Plain and the Decapolis, and by follow. ing him through his exploration of the Jabbok and his survey of Hauran architecture, Mr. Merrill crossed the Shittim Plain in several directions, besides going down the Jordan, to where t enters the Dead Sea, skirting the Dead Sea around the northeast corner, and thence examining the footbills for a considerable distance northward. He seems to have visited all the "tels" or mounds on the plain, measuring their angles and distances, and making plots of the ancient works. Of all this group of mounds the ruins on Tell Ektarm are the most impressive. One building on its summit is 200 feet from east to west, and the foundation stones are very large. But Tell er Rama is the place where Mr. Merrill would like first to put in the spade. This mound be identified with the Beth Haran of Joshua's time, and we know from profane history that the place was rebuilt by Herod Antipas, and renamed in honor o Julin the wife of Augustus. There are some trees and fine wheat fields about it, and near it an abundance of water. As nearly everywher in the Jordan valley, so here towns sprang up on or near a living stream, and generally no from where it, left the hills, Merrill seems disposed to identify Tell er Rama with one of the five "cities of the plain," four of which, according to the Biblical story, were destroyed by a sudden conflagration. He entirely discards the traditional opinion that the sites of those cities are submerged, as well as the modification of that hypothesis still held by some Biblical scholars. namely, that the doomed cities lie under the shallow water south of the promontory El Lisan. Mr. Merrill shows that neither of these theories is tenable in view of the geological researches that have been 'carried on about the Dead Sea during the last few years escarches prove that the surface of the Dead Sea was never loss in extent than it is at present, and that no portion of the basin south of Et Lisan has been created by submergence of the land. During past geological ages the sur face of the sea, instead of expanding, has con-tracted to its present limits. The destruction of these cities took place within historical times, but within such periods there has been no convulsion in that region, or change in the sea or land around it. It is almost equally certain that the so-called cities of the plain were not situated in the country south of the Dead Sea. The few ruins at the south end of the basin are insignificant, and the small amount of fertile land there could never have furnished a desirable location for towns or villages. On the other hand, in the broad and fertile Shittim Plain, at the north end of the Dead Sea, there is a remarkable group of mounds, which are covered with ruins, and here, as we have said, Mr. Merrill would place the site of Sodom, Gomorrah, and of the companion cities which, according to the Pentatouch, shared their fate. Of the district on the east of the Jordan, between the Jabbok and the Mena direh (both of which are affluents of the Jordan, entering it at right angles from the east), we are told that it would be dif-

in pronouncing it "utterly unlike in every respect the country which travellers usually see in western Palestine. Here are old forests. The oaks are covored with moss, birds abound among the trees, the road is broad and free \* The wheat fields and other from stone, \* \* marks of festility everywhere make me forget that I am in poverty-stricken Palestine, \* If this country could only be redeemed from the power of the Turk-whose only mission here is to rob the inhabitants and devastate the soil—and placed under a good government, it might reach again its ancient condition of It is in or near the valler prosperity." of the Monadireh that archaeologists in cline to place the sites of most of the ten busy and affluent cities known to Greek and Homan history under the estlective name of the Decapolis. Of these cities Mr. Merrill would identify Hippos with the modern Fik. Gadara with the modern Um Keis, Philadel-phia with Rabbath Ammon, Garasa with the modern Gerash, Pella with Tubakat Fahl, and Canatha with Kunawat. The authoralso thinks he has found the Dion or Dium of the Docapolis in a large double village called Ridon, a little less than one hour south of Irbid, in the midst of a fertile tract well supplied with water Of Beit er Ras, which corresponds, he believes, with Capitolias of the Roman period, we have somewhat detailed description. "Great arches." It seems, "exist here, also solumns,

fleuit to find anywhere a more delightful

region. Mr. Merrill concurs with Mr. Oliphant

Corinthian and Ionic capitals, a vast amount of carved ornamental work, and large, fine eagles, still perfect, whose wings spread three feet, \* Evidently a great deat of the old city is under ground, for twelve fine arches in succession could be traced which are below the surface, and, indeed, people live in these subter-With repard to the Hauran architecture in

ranear apartments general, and its bearing on the history of the building art, Mr. Merrill contents himself for the most part with quoting a long extract from De Vogue's essay. He dissents, however, from De Vogne's assertions that there are no structures in Bashan of a more ancient date than the first to the seventh centuries of our era, and from the consequent deduction that the whole region east of the Jordan was sunk in barbarism until the time of the two Agrippas. .By way of answering De Vogué, the author calls attention to the pre-Roman work at Burak, at Tibre, in the castle at Bozrah, and in Kunawat, and to the fact that, according to Assyrian records, there were numerous and important cities in the Hauran several cen turies before the fall of the second Assyrian empire.

The Jabbok valley, which was explored by

Mr. Merrill through a considerable part of its

length, is not only interesting historically as the seat of a powerful race which existed from the earliest advent of the Hebrews in Palestine down to a period subsequent to the time Christ, but it seems to be eminently adapted for European colonization. Readers of Mr. Oliphant's book will recall how much stress he lays on the opportunities offered by the Jabbok ountry, and his conclusions are here fortified by independent evidence. "If Palestine," says Mr. Merrill, "is over brought under a good government, this ancient valley of the Jabbok will again attract settlers, as it has hitherto during every flourishing period of the country's history. Its capacities are great, because every acre can be reached by irrigating canals. Even at present it is very extensively cultivated and contains many fine farms, and the wheat crop this year (1877s promises to be ex-With regard to these canals, it cellent." appears that those who now cultivate the land say that they dig no new ones, and the Araba assert that they have always existed there. When the present farmers wish to utilize a new piece of ground, all they have to do is to clear out and repair one of the old canals. The remains, indeed, show that in ancient times there was in this Jabbok valley, the greater part of which has now reverted to a wilderness, a most elaborate system of irrigation by which not only the bottom lands were brought under cultivation, but, in some cases, even the foot hills themselves.

### A FIGHT WITH MOONSHINERS.

Kentucky Farmers Capturing and Destroying

GRAYSON, Ky., Sept. 16 .- Between 11 o'clock on Friday night and 2 o'clock yesterday morning a savage fight occurred on the farm of the Elliott Brothers, near this town. The local option policy has prevailed here, and the Elliott brothers, of whom there are four, have been defying the law, and selling whiskey made at their moonshine distillery. The citizens notifled the county court officials in vain, for either through fear or favor the courts let the Elliotts go on. The community determined that the law prohibiting the sale of liquor should be observed, the county courts to the contrary notwithstanding. To this end, on Thursday last, the better class of farmers who live within a radius of three miles of the Elliotts heid a meeting and resolved to break up the business. They accordingly visited the place last right and found about a dozen men inside the distillery, all somewhat under the influence of whiskey. When the object of their visit was made known a general fight ensued, and the woods rang with the report of navy revolvers. Winchester rifles and shot guns. Of the farmers making the assault, a man named Middleton was shot in the thigh, Join Walker hand an arm broken from a bludgeon in the bands of Ed Fanders, and Tipten Mowers received a flesh wound in the cilf of the leg. Two of the Elliotts were shot by Mowers, but the extent of their injurios is not known. The citizens, after a hard light, came out victorious and cleaned out the runch, after which they set it on fire and waited until it was completely destroyed, with all the apparatus therein. The distillery had sixteen mash tubs and a good line of copper implements, sufficient to make about a barrel of whiskey a day. The committee of citizens left a long note of warning to the Elliotts and their pals, setting forth that be observed, the county courts to the make about a barrel of whiskey a day. The committee of citizens icit a long note of warning to the Elliotts and their pals setting forth that the assailants were a permanent organization, formed for the purpose of putting down all awiessness in the future, and that this particular gang would do well to look out for themselves. No arrests were made or attempted.

## PAYING FOR KISSING HIS WIFE

and Laughable Scene Petersburg Court.

From the Mosenio Neins There have been many cases in which kisses have been considered in courts of justice, and not only considered but valued in money and paid for. But we have never heard until now that husbands could be sentenced to pay for kissing their wives. The District Gourt of this city, by a recent decision, now warns all husbands that it is not always safe for them to kiss even their own lawful wives.

On Ang. 6 the case of "Kochergin agt. Rochergin" was tried in the District Court. Catharine Kochergin sued her husband. Ivan Kochergin, for 1,000 roubles, due on two bills of exchange given by him to her. The plaintiff, a young and pretty woman, and well dressed appeared in person.

Tvan Kochergin!" crod the Court. In answer to the call the defendant appeared. He was a merchant of middle age with the manners characteristic of his class. He was in a jelly state.

Here we are," he said, coming up before the bench; and then turning to his wife he added, sweetly smiling: "Catherine Stepanovna, why should we quarrel?"

You are in court," said the presiding Judge severicy. This is not the about the residing There have been many cases in which kisses

sweetly smiling: "Catherine Stepanovna, why should we quarrel?"

You are in court," said the presiding Judgo severely. This is not the place for personal explanations."

Mrs. Kochergin then presented two bills of exchange to the Gourt."

Is this your signature on these bills?" the defendant was asked.

Yes, it is mine," was the answer: "there is no use of denying that. But I am not going to pay them, for they are worthless and invalid! will tell you how! came to give them. Catherine Stepanovan, my wife, several times left my house and went to her father, Mr. Shustoff, But I love her so fondly that I could not stay long without her: so I went to see her. Dayou want your wife? asked Shurstoff; if so, sign this bill. And I did sign it; I signed two of them. I gave the bills, not in exchange for money, but on account of my love, for kisses from my wife. On how! am fond of her! If your Honor or lears me to pay these bills it will be highway robbery! roared the defendant.

Bolave yourself, admonished the Court.

Ah, my dear sou!. I understand."

I am not your soul at all. roared the Court.

"Ah my dear sou. I understand."

I am not your soul at all. roared the court.

"And I will punish you if you do no not come to your senses."

And I will purpose to your senses.

But the defendant would not listen to the Court. He turned his smiling face to his wife. flung her kisses with his hand, and said:
Catherine Stepanovna! how dearly I love

you?"

A vars of laughter shook the court room. For a moment even the Judges could not control their features. The plaintiff blushed and the defendant continued arriently to profess his love for his wife. When order had been restored the Court announced the verdict. The defendant was ordered to pay one thousand roubles to his wife, and in case he did not pay his house was to be attached.

It is a downright robbery?" shouted the defendant.

fendant.
The Court ordered Mr. Kochergin to leave the room at once. Meanwhile Mrs. Kochergis started out with her father, but the defendant risshed after, crying: Catherine Stepanovnal Kate! My darling! I love you!"
The auditors rushed after them, laughing, stamping, and applanting. The pretty plaintiff took a dreshki and hurried away, and good Ivan Kochergin ran after her with his arms outstretched and shouting:
Oh, Kate, how I love you!"

# The Utilization of Hairpins,

Every gentleman has noted how deftly a woman utilizes a harrier as a butten book or a glove fastener, and who has not observed the graceful pose as the hairpin is restored to its piace and settled in the hear with a coquettian pat. Then as an extemporaneous nut piater it is invaluable. How searchingly it penetrates

pickerit is invaluable. How searchingly it ponetrates the intricate convolutions of the most complicated nut, and extracts the toollisons kernel whom otherwise whild leafle search!

Who has not seen the prompt batroon elemented to used a fine and repeale the ever disording spondic, on which induce the present presenter can be special? Who has not windmared the ever could have be received as leaf, as a performer of searce, as an instrument with whild to pose ever the contents of a historical decrease it who is to pose ever the contents of a historical decrease it is the book has publicated for a historical decrease of a test of the contents of a little for the contents of the publication decrease it is the book has publicated for a historical decrease of a test of the contents of the cont

The Lask in Delaware.

WILMINGTON, Del., Sent. 22.—Thirteen con-vices, seven unioned and six white, were publicly whithped at Newcastle to day. The cat was well find on, but blood was drawn in one case only.